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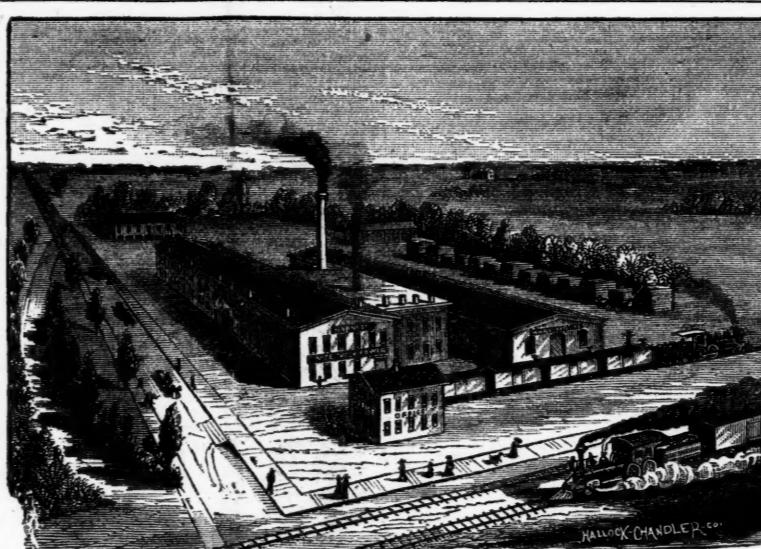
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PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."



FARMERS' INSTITUTE AT GALESBURG.

ed of an application of a thousand pounds to a portion of an onion plot. The non-fertilized portion showed as good results, as the fertilized. Another applied \$80 worth to 20 acres of wheat drilled with a fertilizing attachment at the time of sowing, but with no appreciable good results, Salt, ashes, and manure from the poultry house was valuable for a top dressing, but no better results were obtained from turning under a large growth of clover than if it was mowed off before plowing.

There was a wide difference of opinion as to the amount of seed necessary for an acre. The essayist thought a large amount of seed was annually thrown away and wasted from applying too much to the acre. He thought a bushel of good sound seed all that was necessary, with soil under good cultivation. He had a field adjoining the village, where only three pecks to the acre were sown, and he invited an examination of its present appearance, to settle the question. It was stated that there were from 580,000 to 640,000 kernels of wheat in a bushel, ranging from medium to very plump kernels, and that this would give from 13 to 15 kernels to the square foot on an acre of ground if every kernel grew, which would be amply sufficient for any soil, but it is very probable that much of the seed wheat was unsound for various reasons, and that the amount per acre must be varied to suit conditions of soil, time of seeding, etc. Where a thin soil was sown late, more seed was required than when sown earlier, that soil in a high condition that favored tillering needed less seed, if sown early enough to give time for fall growth.

S. B. Hammond's paper on sheep elicited nothing new in the discussion which followed. The whole matter has so recently been gone over in these columns that a repetition of the arguments will be superfluous to the readers of the FARMER.

"The Farmer's Garden," Mrs. J. W. Miller. This paper was one of the very best. The many farm garden pictures she drew from life were readily recognized. The regular spring spuds for a garden usually began with enthusiasm, continuing a little while, with some hard work, and usually ended in failure. The President insisted that this discussion should be given to the ladies, and for this purpose all the front seats on one side of the church were reserved for them. Speeches were continually bubbling up from the other side, but they were finally suppressed until the ladies had had their say. With this assurance that there should be no striking back, the grievances of the farmer's wife were fully set forth. Some of the ladies set the example by working in the garden themselves, and this occasionally shamed the men and boys into doing some of the work. The complaints were that plowing the garden was the very last thing attended to, and that when once at it the man of the house would insist that all the seeds should go in the same day, early and late, peas and cabbages, and when this was done, their responsibility for the season was ended. One lady insisted that in the spring her garden was hoed, but in the fall it was usually mowed. The question was dolefully asked, what was to be done if the men will insist upon putting off the work of weeding until everything had perished; the reply came to let them go without their dinner for a day or two, and take that time to work in the garden and they would soon come around.

Thursday Sessions.

Wheat—W. A. Blake, of Galesburg. This paper was a very instructive one, written by a practical man, who looks for a reason for all the processes involved in the growing of a wheat crop. He asked the following questions, with an affirmative bias running through all his argument: "Are we not growing too many acres of wheat?" It is a question well worthy a careful consideration, and another question as a companion piece followed, to wit: "Is it not possible to raise more wheat on a given number of acres, and thus release land for other crops?" These questions were ably discussed in the paper, and showed a research far in advance of the average sentiment held by wheat growers. He divided the soil into two strata, the upper three inches, and the lower four inches. The former he would have fine and loose, and the lower fine and compact; the upper for the seed bed, and the lower to hold the roots and to furnish them food. As to varieties running out, he took the ground that it was the elements necessary to produce a variety that run out, and not the variety. The question of commercial fertilizers was brought up in the discussion, and the results of experiments asked for from those present. There had been some applications to corn, barley, and other spring crops, by persons present, but not a solitary instance was presented when benefit had been received. Several had made an application to the last fall's wheat crop, but no visible increase in the growth had as yet been discovered. Many were favorably impressed with it, on the reputation it had gained in the eastern states, and had determined on an early experiment to ascertain what value it might have for Michigan farmers. The evidence produced was decidedly unfavorable to its value here. An experiment was instant-

The Barnes Wire Check Rower.

It is with pleasure we present a picture of the extensive establishment where this implement is exclusively manufactured. It is located at Decatur, Ill., and the proprietors are the well-known and popular firm of Chambers, Bering & Quinlan. The success of this implement and the popularity it has attained with the farmers throughout the corn growing section is astonishing. It was the first entirely successful wire check rower invented, and its advent was received with pleasure by those who were not satisfied with the workings of rope check rows, which were hitherto the only implements that those who appreciated this mode of corn planting could use. The advantages claimed by its friends over other check rows are partially enumerated as follows: The wires do not cross the machine, avoiding side draft, and the friction thus dispensed with makes the wire more lasting; and, that being drawn tight, its measurements are accurate, while a rope, subject to stretching and shrinking, cannot be depended upon. The advantages of the use of a check rower are apparent. It saves marking off the ground; saves the delay in planting; plants straighter, and dispenses with the expense of a dropper.

We recommend our friends interested to send to Chaffbers, Bering & Quinlan, Decatur, Ill., for their pamphlet, which gives full particulars and which is sent free. In the meantime we congratulate them on their ever increasing business.

LINE BREEDING AND THE VALUE OF PEDIGREES.

[A paper read by Amos F. Wood, of Mason, Ingman Co., at the recent annual meeting of the Shorthorn Breeders' Association at Lansing.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Since greater attention to live stock is the first step in the improvement of agriculture, we consider one who does not understand the connection between the cultivation of the ground and the breeding, rearing and feeding of domestic animals, to make an indifferent figure in rural affairs. In the breeding of live stock, I believe Shorthorns are the breed that stand first in a large portion of our States. The improved Shorthorn implies the ability to combine the most and best quality of meat and milk on such quantity as they consume, and we can obtain such by selecting from families that have been bred long in a line with this in view. Our improved Shorthorns date back about a century, and among the early improvers might be mentioned Wastell, Robert and Charles Colling, Mason and Thomas Booth, and a little later, Thos. Bates, Richard and John Booth, and John Stevenson. In 1876 George Culley wrote: "This breed, like most others, is better or worse in different districts, not so much, I apprehend, from the good or bad qualities of the land as from a want of attention in the breeders."

The object of the art of breeding is the improvement of animals in those qualities that have definite value, and will all will be found to be experts or equally

skillful in producing animals of extraordinary merit, a careful study of the principles of the art, which are easily understood, will enable one to better make the improvements necessary to insure its profits.

As milk is one of the definite qualities to be attained in the art of breeding, let us briefly turn the pages of history and glance at some of the records, before we touch upon line breeding.

Mr. Wastell had a cow called "Barforth," that gave 18 quarts each milking; Mr. Hustler's Daisy cow gave 16 quarts, and Daisy, bushy tail, gave 14 quarts, and each quart when set separately and curdled gave 1½ ozs. of butter, or 21 ozs. to a milking. Bright Eyes, owned by R. Colling, gave 15 quarts twice a day.

The Princess, bred by John Stevenson, were great milkers. American Princess calfs imported in 1849 by Stevens & Sherman of N. Y., was Red Rose 4th. This heifer, after four years, made 62 lbs. of butter in June, and 45 lbs. in August on grass feed alone. S. P. Chapman had cows that made 2½ lbs. of butter a day.

In 1870, Bright Eyes 7th, calved Feb. 6th, and during the last days of November and first days of December, made 7 lbs. of butter in a week, and that from what she picked up in the field. Mr. Summerville's cow Honeysuckle, recorded in Volume 12, American Herd Book, was fed in the barn, and besides suckling a pair of twin calves, gave a common pail of milk twice a day for quite a time.

We have known good milkers of nearly every breed and family, and the difficulty really is to find Shorthorns which will not milk if rationally treated.

What constitutes line breeding, or breeding in a line? It is breeding from similar blood, quality, and form, so as to continue uniformity in the offspring. It may also be expressed as referring to the selection of males of a common type and belonging to the same family. Thomas Bates was one of the first followers of line breeding, and practiced the same in regard to all the families in his herd. In the breeding of his principal family, the Duchess, from 1804 until his death, a period of 45 years, he used very few outcrosses. The first was 2d Hubback (1423), in 1824, an animal bearing very close resemblance to Hubback (819), and having the same foundation as the Standard cow. When Mr. Bates purchased the next cross, Belvedere (1709), a Princess, and also tracing back to the same foundation, he told his acquaintances that by the union of the Duchess and Princess blood, he would produce such Shorthorns as had never appeared before.

That proved true, for by the second cross he got Duke of Northumberland, an animal that he refused 4,000 guineas for. This is more than any one has ever sold for up to the time of the New York Mills sale, and even then the higher prices realized were for their descendants.

The next crossing was through the Matchem cow, the foundation of the Oxen.

(Continued on eighth page.)

Agricultural.

GROWING ONIONS.

NASHVILLE, Mich., Jan. 1, 1882.

To the Editor Michigan Farmer:

DEAR SIR—I have a piece of ground I wish to put into onions in the spring. Not

getting to mature it last fall, I wish to know how it will do to manure it with hen manure in the spring; if that will be better than other manure at that time. If so, about what quantity to the acre and how it should be put on to bring a good crop? Please answer through the columns of the FARMER.

Yours truly,

E. L. PARRISH.

Answer.—If this correspondent has a mellow, mucilky soil, like some that is occasionally found in our State, onions can be grown year after year with no manure, and become one of the most profitable of crops. But if it is a dry, upland piece of ground, manure of some kind is a necessity. If the manure had been applied last fall, as is no doubt intended, the quality and character of the application would not have been so essential. If coarse manure had been turned under it would have become decomposed and fitted for plant food by the time it would be needed for plant food. Under existing circumstances, the manure best adapted for use is the hen manure which is suggested, and the next best is that made from the hog house. The ground should be deeply plowed, and the manure applied to the surface and thoroughly harrowed and cultivated before the seed is put in. The holding of large amounts of grain restricts consumption and demoralizes trade. It is well understood that a scant supply will often meet the demand. Consumers eat less of high priced food, and vary the usual diet with something cheaper, while a large supply (at consequent low prices) will be withdrawn from sight at an astonishing rate.

The holding of large amounts of grain will often meet the demand. Consumers eat less of high priced food, and vary the usual diet with something cheaper, while a large supply (at

Horse Matters.

Celebrated Men in the Saddle.

Many of our most celebrated men have been enthusiastic admirers of that most noble of animals, the horse. It is well known that Gen. Washington was one of the most prominent of this class. Reared as he was in the State of Virginia, which at that time possessed the finest blooded stock to be found in the whole country, he early in life displayed a great fondness for fine horses, which characteristic he retained through his whole career. Washington was much attached to the exciting sport of fox hunting, and is described as one of the boldest and most fearless riders that ever took the field. His pack of hounds were of the best, and his horses the fleetest, and keenest fencers, to be found in the Old Dominion in their day. He usually rode a thoroughbred, called Blueskin, a surprising jumper of great endurance and courage; on this splendid animal, the General, dressed in true sporting costume of blue coat, buckskin breeches, top boots, velvet cap and hunting whip with long thong, took the field at daybreak, with his huntsman, friends and neighbors, and none rode more boldly, nor with voice more cheerily awaked the echo among the woods and hills with the merry hunting cry, than did the gallant Washington.

Thos. Jefferson had a remarkable fondness for horses. It is not recorded that he ever put one horse in training for a race, but he bred and kept a number for his own use. Who has not read the story of how he rode to the capitol unattended, dismounted, hitched his magnificent Wildair to a post, walked in and took the oath of office as President of the United States? During the time that he occupied the position of chief magistrate, he would allow nothing to interfere with his taking his daily two hours' ride on horseback, nor did he permit false ideas of official decorum to prevent his attending the races which were regularly held near Washington; he was always an enthusiastic spectator. Mr. Randall, in his splendid biography of Jefferson, relates that he saw several pages in one of Mr. Jefferson's farm books which were devoted to the pedigrees of his choices horses, and that he usually owned a number of brood mares of the highest quality, most of which were carried off by Lord Cornwallis' troops, during their destructive campaign in Virginia. Near Monticello may be seen the rough, craggy pass, or path, on the side of Carter's mountain, up which Mr. Jefferson rode in hot haste, when a detachment of Tarleton's dragoons were in sight, sent to capture him; but, thanks to his fleet-footed steed, he made good his escape.

Perhaps there was not, in his time, a greater lover, nor a better judge of a horse than Andrew Jackson. He was for twenty years a staunch supporter of the turf—the turf was not in such bad repute then as in latter days—making it not only a source of pleasure but one of profit also. Old Hickory owned some very successful racers, the most prominent of which was "Truxton," so called, after Commodore Truxton. Another of the General's famous horses was Pacolet: famous not only as a winner of many hard fought contests on the turf, but also as a successful stallion. The blood of this horse is looked upon to this day as a valuable strain in the pedigree of a thoroughbred. Pacolet founded a family of horses noted for their speed, game and endurance, not only on the race course, but also for long journeys under the saddle, and in harness. General Jackson usually appeared mounted on a superb gray, and his tall commanding figure showed to much advantage in the saddle; he was a most accomplished horseman.

John Randolph of Roanoke, the famous Virginia orator, and the most eccentric character who figures in our history, was another prominent figure on horseback. Mr. Randolph took a great interest in fine horses. He frequently used to walk into the Senate chamber, while a member of that body, dressed in riding costume, whip in hand, and followed by his favorite fox hound, who would quietly sleep under his desk during the session. Mr. Randolph imported from England, at a large expense, some very valuable thoroughbred horses and mares, and was always a large breeder. He put several horses at the turf, but was generally unsuccessful. When about twenty-three years of age, he was on a visit to Charleston, S. C.; while there he made the acquaintance of a Scotch Baronet, by the name of Sir John Nesbit, of the ancient house of Nesbits, of Dean Hall, near Edinburgh. Sir John was a very handsome man, and "as gallant a gay Lothario" as could be found in the city; he and Randolph made a match for a race, in which each was to ride his own horse. The race came off during the race week, and Randolph won easily; some of the ladies exclaiming, "though Mr. Randolph had won the race, Sir John had won their hearts." This was hardly to be wondered at, when the graceful and beautiful style of riding of the Baronet was contrasted with the awkward manner of his competitor, who, no doubt, knew more about racing and horses than did the gallant Sir John.

Mr. Randolph was present at the famous match between Eclipse and Henry, four mile heats, which was run over the Union course on Long Island, in 1823, in the presence of an assemblage of over sixty thousand spectators. The race, for a long period before it took place, had been discussed and speculated upon by the newspapers and the public at large, not only in this country but in England, as well. It was a sort of sectional contest, the North vs. the South. It was won by the Northern champion Eclipse, Henry winning the first heat, and Eclipse the next two. Mr. Randolph was so disappointed over the defeat of the Southern horse Henry, though he had no pecuniary interest in the result, that he made strong personal efforts to bring about another match; but it could not be done, as the Northern gentleman declined to run Eclipse again. After Mr. Randolph's death his fine stud of blooded horses were sold by auction at high prices; many of them were purchased by gentlemen who resided out of the State.

Henry Clay was a stock breeder on a large scale. The pasture of Ashland always contained some of the finest horses and Durham cattle in America; the business is still carried on at Ashland by the distinguished Kentuckian's son, Mr. John M. Clay, who bred the celebrated horse Kentucky, one of the best of the get of the great Lexington, and who was sold for \$40,000.—*New England Farmer*.

Cure for Cribbing.

A Boston correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* relates a bit of his experience gained by a horse trade:

"I found a cure for my first attempt in horseflesh. The animal was warranted, in writing, 'free from all tricks,' &c. The first ten days no trick was observed. Subsequently my purchase proved to be a determined cribber. The seller was apparently astonished. Nothing of the kind ever occurred while he owned the horse. An inspection of the stable where the horse had been, showed us traces of chewed woodwork. My brother in law, accustomed to horses all his life, was sorely puzzled. He was convinced there 'was some game,' and 'game' there was. Convinced that I had been 'sold' I retaliated by finding out that the seller used a paste made of red pepper and brown soap, lightly applied wherever and whenever he discovered marks of teeth in the stall, the paste being masked by dust scattered on top. Thus it was, the horse thinking my woodwork was like his late stable, let the timbers alone at first. I tried the remedy. The horse has not attempted to crib for four months, and a stranger would never imagine that a hundred little spots within reach of his head 'have bits of the paste.' The horse knows it, however, and lets my stall alone."

The Farm.

SHROPSHIRE AND MERINOS.

LOGAN, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1882.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer:

I was much interested in the letter of Mr. Alex. Hewitt, in your issue of Jan. 21, in relation to the Merino sheep, etc. I only wish that he had explained himself a little more fully and continued his figures a little farther, and not stopped when he had given the wool side of the question; for, please remember that farmers keep sheep for their increase as well as their wool, and no one, (unless he is compelled to), would think of keeping a flock of sheep unless they were three or four years old for the wool alone. Mr. Hewitt says that he thinks that Mr. Moore can readily see that in case the breeders generally should practice the cross bred theory, the distinct qualities of the different breeds would be destroyed. That I believe to be true. But I do not understand Mr. Moore to advocate a cross-bred theory at all. A cross-bred animal is an animal whose parents were both thoroughbred, but of different breeds; and I object to the term when the parent on one side is at the best only a grade of some particular breed. Of the nearly two millions of fine wool sheep that are to-day in the State of Michigan there are but a few hundred that have a pedigree that can be traced through even two generations and have a right to be called American Merinos. The proper term is graded up, not cross-bred. Mr. Moore does not claim that the mothers of his fine sheep that he sent to Detroit were thoroughbred Merinos, but were fine wool ewes. Mr. Hewitt says that no ordinary breeder can establish a true medium, between the long wools and the Merino. All this I believe, and will go farther and say that no ordinary breeder ever established any distinct breed of sheep. The good qualities of all the various breeds, of not only sheep but horses and cattle, have been established by scientific experts in the business.

In answer to the assertion that crossing may work well for a short time, but cannot last, I wish to call his attention to the fact that the good qualities of the American Merino are but the result of judicious crossing in the hands of expert breeders. The beautiful Oxford Dams are but a cross between the pure bred Cotswold ram and the pure bred Hampshire Down ewe. Also other popular breeds, of the present day, that I will not take time to mention, were produced by cross breeding. Mr. Hewitt says that it is the practice generally with farmers not to sell their young sheep for mutton, but to keep them until they are three or four years old. I believe that statement to be true, at least in Mr. Hewitt's neighborhood. It used to be in mine. I used to practice keeping sheep until three or more years of age, not for choice or economy, but for the reason that I had a breed of sheep that it took that many years to get into shape so that I could sell them. The majority of farmers own small farms and find it next to impossible to keep the increase of their flocks from year to year, and could not do so without incurring a large outlay for food, which would seriously reduce the profits and result in more failures than successes. In regard to the figures that Mr. Hewitt produces, I offer no objection so far as he went, (except, if he means that he used Shropshires for long wools, he has the average of fleece very light when he places his estimate at five pounds per head). But, admitting his figures to be correct, I desire to add the value of lambs, and assume the flocks to consist wholly of ewes. Taking the general average of the increase of Merinos and Shropshires, there is as much certainty of the Shropshire producing and raising 150 per cent of lambs as there is of Merinos producing 75 per cent. My own Shropshires have averaged 172 per cent for the last four years. At those figures, which I believe to be as near the facts as can well be arrived at, the increase in the fine-wool flock would be 45 lambs, which would bring in average years, when six months old, \$2 per head, making the sum of \$90. The wool, at Mr. Hewitt's estimate, amounts to \$157.50; total produce of fine wool for one year \$247.50. The wool would amount to \$70. The lambs of that

class of ewes have brought \$4 and upwards per head, when six months old, for several years; but counting it \$4 per head, it would amount to \$240, making the produce for one year \$310; adding the interest on the \$80 that the Merinos cost more than the long wools, would make a balance in favor of the long wools of \$67.80, (providing Mr. Hewitt had allowed them to breed). I do not wish to be understood as offering those estimates as my own, except so far as the production of lambs is concerned and the price, which the markets for the past few years have proved to be correct. But facts are better than estimates, so I will state a few: In October, 1879, a dealer in my county purchased in the vicinity of Jackson, Michigan, five carloads of what we call Michigan Merino ewes. They were sold to the farmers in my county; two of my neighbors bought 100 of them for \$35 per head, and divided them, each taking 50. One used a pure bred Shropshire Down ram, the other a pure bred Merino; both were wintered on the same kind of food and had the same shelter. The flock where the Shropshire ram was used produced 49 lambs that sold on the 23d of July for \$10 per head; the flock upon which the Merino ram was used produced and raised 36 lambs that sold in September for \$210 per head, making the produce of the flock where the Merino ram was used, in lambs, of \$6560, and where the Shropshire ram was used \$20580. The ewes in both cases commenced dropping their lambs the middle of March. Another neighbor yesterday sold 41 lambs raised from 28 fine wool ewes for \$35 per head. They were sired by a pure bred Shropshire Down ram and dropped in April, 1881. But I have said enough to prove that we of New York can make more clean cash by using Shropshire ram on fine wool ewes than we can by continuing to breed from fine wool rams; and Mr. Moore's cross shows that Michigan breeders can do as much there.

DOC. SMEAD.

Change of Seed, and Effects of Soil and Climate upon its Quality.

At the last meeting of the Western New York Farmers' Club, as reported by the *Rural Home*, the above questions were discussed:

One farmer present asked whether there is anything in the notion that benefit is derived from changing seed, and obtaining seed from other soils and localities. He had many times been told that he ought to change seed, and had done so, but was really unable to say whether he had been benefited thereby. Had satisfied himself that oats grown farther north do better than those grown in the same latitude, or farther south. When a boy he sent to New York for the Roban potato, at a high price, but the second year it yielded no better than old sorts. Another said he was using the same seed that he had been growing for thirty years. Had selected the best, especially in corn. The large proportion of our vegetable and flower seeds are imported from England, Germany and France, but they are no better than those grown here; in many cases not so good. But they are sold much cheaper than they can be grown here. Take cabbage, for example, you can buy foreign seed for 40 cents a lb. that costs here \$1.50 a lb. So of onions and many other kinds. There is a popular impression that home-grown seeds are poorer than foreign, but this impression is conveyed by dealers, because they can buy foreign seeds so much cheaper. Market gardeners will not use foreign cabbage seed, having learned by experience that home-grown does so much better. Another said he was using the same seed that he had been growing for twenty years. Had selected the best, especially in corn. The large proportion of our vegetable and flower seeds are imported from England, Germany and France, but they are no better than those grown here; in many cases not so good. But they are sold much cheaper than they can be grown here. Take cabbage, for example, you can buy foreign seed for 40 cents a lb. that costs here \$1.50 a lb. So of onions and many other kinds. 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MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—

State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

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The Michigan Farmer

—AND—

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1882.

Mr. P. W. RYAN is the authorized subscription agent of the MICHIGAN FARMER, and parties can pay money to him at our risk.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 108,067 bu, while the shipments were 28,250 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Jan. 28 was 17,756,442 bu, against 28,006,545 bu, at the corresponding date in 1881. This shows an increase in the amount in sight the previous week of 434,647 bu. The deliveries at seaboard ports for the week were 621,218 bu., against 80,649 bu. the previous week, and 1,116,459 bu. the corresponding week in 1881. The export clearances for Europe for the week were 482,453 bu, against 550,585 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks 5,368,625 bu, against 11,441,782 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks last year. The stocks of wheat in this city on Saturday last footed up 708,142 bu., against 1,255,350 bu. at the same date in 1881.

The market past week has been unsettled, and lacked any features of interest. The opening price on Monday of last week was \$1.36¢ for No. 1 white, and prices have ruled a little higher, closing on Saturday at \$1.39¢ for No. 1, with a steady tone to the market. During the week 210 carloads of spot and 3,500,000 bu. of options were sold, against 342 carloads of spot and 3,415,000 bu. of futures the past week.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from January 4 to February 6:

| | Jan. 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | Feb. 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |<th
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Bontoux and
Feder, two of
the managers
of the Un'On-nec'ale bank of Paris, which
busi last week have been arrested, charged
with swindling.

The revolt in Herzegovina is growing every
day. In a former article in this column it was stated that with equal
reason this implied license would extend to
entering lands for the purpose of shooting,
as the custom is equally universal; and
hence it would seem necessary to give
notice not to enter for that purpose, otherwise
the public might have the right to do so.

But as stated, it is questionable

whether it is necessary to do this.

No particular form of notice is essential,
simply a general statement forbidding all
persons to enter for the purpose of hunting
or fishing.

H. A. H.

The color and lustre of Youth are restored to
red or gray hair by the use of Parker's
Hair Balsam, a harmless dressing highly es-
teemed for its perfume and purity.

Tuberculosis.

Dr. Jennings, veterinary editor of the
MICHIGAN FARMER, has enriched the col-
umns of that excellent journal with an
able article on Tuberculosis in cattle. Why
the subject is of vast importance is
fully set forth in the article in question,
which will be found in the present number
of the Pen and Prow. We are informed
that Dr. Jennings intends to forward
to the Columbia Veterinary College, New
York, specimens of tuberculosis to be de-
posited in their museum. The Dr. Jen-
ning whom we speak is the gentleman
whose name is inseparably identified with
the early history of veterinary science in
America; and although he was not suc-
cessful in establishing a college of com-
parative medicine and surgery in Philadelphia,
for which he obtained a charter about
20 years ago, for the simple reason
that he was in advance of his time, his
name has received worthy and honorable
recognition in the late address of Dr. Bates
before the faculty and students of Colum-
bia Veterinary College.—Pen and Prow.

Draining the Florida Everglades.

The drainage of the strange region of
the Everglades is one of the most won-
derful enterprises of the times. To most
people it would appear an utter impossibility
to tame this wild region and bring it
into peaceful and pleasant subjection to
human industry; but the undertaking has
already been inaugurated. It is progressing
with perfect assurance of success. All
the necessary data have been obtained; all
the useful appliances secured; all the re-
quisite money and men and skill are at
hand.

The territory thus to be redeemed is
nearly or quite as large as the whole of
Alabama. Its climate is almost tropical,
and its soil when reclaimed must be as fer-
tile and famous as the alluvial lands of the
Nile.

There are still living in the lonely localities
of this curious region the remnant of
the brave Indian race (the Seminole) which
in days gone cost the Government so
much trouble and treasure to subdue. This little remnant is now variously esti-
mated from 20 to 600. They cultivate
corn and vegetables, and utilize the game
and fish that there abound in inexhaustible
quantities.

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Poetry.

For the Michigan Farmer.

TOO MUCH OF A DANDY.

MRS. A. L. LANGLEY.

When Adam in Eden employment first found,
While working his muscles to harden;
I wonder if ever he sauntered around,
Declaring it hard work to garden?
Or explained, while he toiled mid the flowers and
fruits.
With his primitive tools, most unhandy,
That the Father's earth-child much better would
suit.
Would he let him be more of a dandy.

To say he has sons scattered all through the land,
Who look with disgust upon labor;
Who would much rather toy with a fine lady's fan,
And help her to slander a neighbor.
A silken morsach dyed as black as the night,
Cigars, with his lager or brandy,
Will fill the small brain with the keenest delight,
Of this fine lady-killing young dandy.

Tell us not this jolliest thing to be sure,
But "tis better than idle repining;
One must better be working these evils to cure,
Till at his hand lot to sit whining.

The quite ready to own there are some things in life

More pleasant than plowing and sowing;

There's many a man works for love of his wife,

Who would rather be reading than hoeing.

Bat duty is duty, yet many will shirk;

Yet quickly dare to deny it;

Though planning is pleasant than doing the work,

No finished results e'er come by it.

The man who will sit in saloons at his ease,

Smoke, swear and drink lager and brandy,

May strut the street dressed as fine as you

please;

But he's only a poor worthless dandy.

Too much of a dandy, wherever he goes,

To be cared for by any true woman;

His hair-covered face and his finned clothes,

Mark him mixture of monkey and human.

Has no use for his muscle but sprawling around,

To show off his fine, stylish passes;

For intellect vainly his brain you would sound,

For selflessness fills all its spaces.

Too much of a dandy to have any heart,

To be a true friend, son or brother;

If in usual employment she'd e'er borne a part,

He'd be even ashamed of his mother.

Quite worthless himself, he still looks down in

scorn.

On all of earth's workers so handy;

But when the Lord comes on the great judgment

morn,

Will he find any use for a dandy?

GOD BLESS THE SHIPS

This the crossed bracken boughs,
Green, brown and golden;
Between the frowning brows
Of two cliffs, holden
In Nature's picture frame
Where the land dips—
Across the sunset flame
Sail the good ships!

Outward or homeward bound,
Free or deep-laden;
Like ghosts without a sound
When the West's faded,
Cleaving the moonshine track
Where the white strips
Bar the dark waters back—
God save the ships!

Sad eyes are straining
To catch the sail's flutter;
Sad tears are raining
What voice dare not utter.
Bound far to distant lands,
As the rope slips,
Bent heads and clasping hands
Pray for the ships

Home, with the evening tide,
Colors free blowing,
Quick by fond eyes deserved,
Coming or going;
Still as they cross our sight
Wakes to our lips,
One prayer by day or night,
"God bless the ships!"

—The Argosy.

Miscellaneous.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

We Wynnards are a large family. At Christmas, when we are all at home with our various husbands, wives, and babies, even the rambling old Grange is filled to overflowing, and I observe our dear father looking at us occasionally—when we happen, say, to be collected in one room—with an expression of benevolent and pleased bewilderment. But, at the time of which I am going to write, we were not so numerous; we were now of us married, and only Tom, the second boy, was engaged. Eva Dennis, his betrothed, had come from her Yorkshires to spend Christmas with us; she was the only visitor. Our mother had not been well, and we wished to keep things as quiet as possible, and were rather dreading the arrival of the three boys and two girls who were away at school; their spirits were certain to be uncontrollable. Therefore we elders looked rather grave when, one morning about a fortnight before Christmas, our father read out a letter from Mab at school, imploring permission to bring home with her her dearest friend Bessie Beale, who would otherwise spend her holiday shut up in the schoolroom alone, for she was an orphan—the last word was underlined in Mab's letter half-a-dozen times.

"Dear, kind little Mab!" exclaimed mother indulgently.

We were not so pleased; we looked at each other doubtfully. Surely charity began at home!

"Laura, do you know anything of this Miss Beale?" inquired father.

I had left that same school only about a year.

"No," I said, shaking my head. "There was no Bessie Beale when I was there, unless perhaps she is a little one. I did not know the names of all the little ones."

"There is no time to ask Miss Parsons any questions about her," proceeded father; "and one child more or less would not make much difference as to the noise. Poor little thing! What do you say, girls? We must not be selfish. Mother what do you say?"

Of course mother went and wrote directly to Mab, telling her that she might bring her friend, and at the same time sent a formal letter to Miss Parsons, inviting Miss Beale to spend the holidays with us.

As for Anna and myself, we agreed that father was right, and that one more child would not make much difference. Eva Dennis always agreed to everything, and found all things pleasant. Tom was indifferent; he appeared to think that as Eva was in the house, it mattered very little who was out of it. Gilbert, our father's right-hand—"deputy-governor" we called him—was inclined to grumble a little for mother's sake and for his own dignity.

Miss Parsons answered mother's letter by return of post. Miss Beale accepted our kind invitation with pleasure; and Miss Parsons was delighted to get rid of her, and thanked us for our kindness to the little child.

"She tells us nothing at all about Miss Beale," observed mother—"not even her age. I suppose, however, she would hardly be Mab's dearest friend if she was younger than thirteen or fourteen. She will not mind sharing Mab's room, Anna, I dare

say. Arrange it so, dear—at least, till we see her."

Anna and I kept house each a month by turns; it made a change, as Gilbert remarked, since we did not perpetrate the same blunders. After punctual bad dinners in Anna's reign, it was a relief to encounter unpunctual good ones in mine. Anna economised over the housekeeping so carefully that she always had some of her money to hand back to mother in triumph; but, as fortune, I spent too much, Anna's savings were invariably needed to "make up" during my last week—to her great disgust. But mother's purse was everlasting. This Christmas it was on Anna's shoulders, and our mother handed over the arrangements for our visitor to her.

Gibbie kept the next moment. She looked radiant; her cheeks were like rose, and her eyes brilliant, sparkling with mischief.

"Gibbie is gone," I said, feeling vexed with her.

"I know," she said, with a laugh and flash of her hazel eyes.

Gibbie kept in the other room that evening, and did not favor us with a visit, though we acted a charade he had helped to compose.

"Bessie," I said, in her room that evening, "I think you don't like my brother Gibbie."

"Oh, yes, I do! I like him very much.

"Tell me, I shall not mind."

"I think he is spoiled and a little bit conceited. You and Anna give in to him in everything, and so do the little ones, and he thinks he may have everything he wants. You will see, Laura, that I shall do him good. He wants a lesson very badly."

Then a little more softly she added, "I promise you I won't give him any more pain than is good for him. I'm not a coquette, Laura," and her eyes looked earnestly and truthfully into mine.

So I went away, a little vexed at her opinion of Gibbie, but the whole, satif-
fied. And she was right; she did give in to him as over the years, when the time came for us to choose husbands and wives.

One day, when Bessie had been with us a fortnight, we were all together, talking, working, and reading, in our own room, when mother suddenly walked in. She looked so happy that we saw she had some pleasure to give us.

"My dears," she began, "I have some pleasant news for you. Your father says that you may give a party—a dance on any day you please before Bessie goes away. We'll let you turn the dining-room out to dance in, and he is prepared to accede to any reasonable request for money."

On Monday morning Gilbert started off alone in the waggonette to fetch the girls. We were waiting in the front sitting-room off the hall when he drove up with Elly and the luggage—but no Mab, and no Miss Beale.

"Where are Mab and the little girl?" inquired Anna, astonished, when we had duly hugged long-legged thirteen-year-old Elly.

"The little girl!" echoed Elly, with round eyes. "Why, Bessie Beale is—"

"Shut up!" said Gilbert. Let them see for themselves."

And in a few moments we saw, walking up the drive on Mab's arm, a tall young lady, evidently over twenty, dressed in robin-red breast colors, brown and crimson. The brown was richest velvet and fur, and the crimson, satin. She wore a lovely velvet hat, with a halo of crimson lining; round her neck was a thick gold chain. Her face was marvellously pretty, with lovely peach-like cheeks and red lips and sparkling hazel eyes. We did not see the waves of glossy pink hair till afterwards, but they were there.

We were a little confounded. I shrank back; but Anna, who has our mother's heart, stepped forward and kissed our visitor warmly. Then we all followed suit; and then Mab had to be embraced and congratulated on her growth. When I again looked at Miss Beale, she was laughing and chattering, the centre of the group, perfectly at home. It was impossible to feel ill at ease with her. We all began to call her "Bessie" directly; she was the kind of person whom it is impossible to address as "Miss." Of course Tom and Gibbie did so; but even they called her "Miss Bessie," and not "Miss Beale."

After a few minutes she went off with Anna to our mother's room; and while she was away we passed with acclamation a favorable verdict on the new arrival.

Presently Mabel and Elly came down from their visit to mother. We began eagerly to question them.

"Who is she, Mab?" said Gilbert.

"Who?" said Mab, in naive astonishment.

"What do you mean? Oh, you mean who is her father?" I told her you was dead; she hasn't one; she has no people at all!"

"But he must be something when he was alive," persisted Gibbie.

"I dare say; I never heard. He has been dead a long while. Bessie doesn't remember him."

"She isn't at school surely?" I said. "She must be twenty at least."

"Of course not, Laura. How stupid you are!" said Mabel, indignant. "She lives with Miss Parsons because she has no home. She has a guardian, though."

"Why doesn't she stay with him?" asked Lenny.

After that struck me that all this talk about our visitor was not in very good taste. It would be better to wait till she told us about herself. Gibbie agreed with me, and we succeeded in silencing the others.

Our dinner-hour at the Grange was six o'clock, summer and winter, and a very odd one it seemed to strangers. But father liked it; he preferred that he and Gilbert should have finished their day's tramping about the farm, and should be able to take the pleasant meal in peace, with a sense of duty done and a promise of books and music to brighten the evening. And we children liked the arrangement, because in winter it left us the long cheerful evenings to amuse ourselves in. We sang and acted and scribbled and drew and read in the large front parlor, which was our especial domain, and which opened into the one behind, where father and mother sat, and into which we made continual raids. Gilbert usually sat with us; but from the day of Bessie's arrival he minded us not; and he was not too much to do with him, as he remained with us altogether. And no wonder! Bessie was so bright, so pretty, so amusing. She used to make fun of dear Gibbie a little to his face; and he really seemed to like it, for he would come back for more even when he had already walked off with his air of insult.

Of course we could not treat Bessie as though when we met in the schoolroom alone. She was a good, affectionate, patient, true, and I need hardly say, possesses great personal beauty. But the circumstances of her birth are most unfortunate; and it is for that reason alone that I have kept her away from my family. I have sons, and feared some such complication as has happened in yours. You will see how very painfully Gibbie agreed with me.

"Laura," she went on, with her strange new timidity, "do you think your father and mother like me?"

"I am sure they do," I said warmly.

I was wishing Bessie would tell me something about her parents or her past life; in the month she had been with us she had never referred to either. Had she told Gilbert? While I was thus thinking, she went on—

"You say they like me, and I believe they do. But, Laura, I know your father is proud in every way of his family; and you know I have none. I am nobody."

"There is no time to ask Miss Parsons any questions about her," proceeded father; "and one child more or less would not make much difference as to the noise. Poor little thing! What do you say, girls? We must not be selfish. Mother what do you say?"

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"I'm going home," said her. "That fool of a fellow makes me ill!" And he scowled at the back of Harry Cox, and then walked off.

I passed Bessie the next moment. She looked radiant; her cheeks were like rose, and her eyes brilliant, sparkling with mischief.

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"Come on, Gilbert!" I called. He did not answer. I skated round to him again.

"Gibbie, do come on—you will be frozen!"

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FEBRUARY 7, 1882.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

A GIRL'S STORY.

Jenny and I were girls together.
Far in a little country town,
Heedless of dark or sunny weather,
Heedless of fortune's smile or frown.
Like as birds when the flowers were many
We lived our lives of frolicsome glee;
Never a secret had I from Jenny,
Never a secret had she from me.

The Swiss Mountaineer.

One who has never seen it can never possibly imagine what the life of the Swiss mountaineer actually is. He lives in narrow gorges between mountains covered with eternal snows. His winters are eight months, his summers four months long; he has no spring and no autumn. He lives in a small rude structure, half house, half stable, close to the torrent that rushes down his valley. He or his ancestors have terraced a few dilapidated patches and on their backs brought soil to them which year by year fertilizes them with manure scraped from the roads, and which produce for him at the best only a few potatoes. He owns a few goats, a few sheep, and two or three cows; for the winter food of these he employs half his summer in bringing on his back from little and almost inaccessible grass plots above him a supply of hay; so short and fine does it grow in those latitudes and so close to the rocks that one might call it moss. The other half of his summer is consumed in gathering fuel for the winter. His wife and children meanwhile cultivate the potatoes and other scanty vegetables, and tend the flocks. He barely exists, does not live. His battle for existence is with the elements, with the most inhospitable condition of nature, and it is a constant battle, and a battle which, when won, yields him but a bare existence, compelled by vigilance and ceaseless labor from cold and ice, rocks and barrenness, and all this under the ever-impending peril of avalanches, land slides and floods. And now a flood comes, and his flocks, his fuel, his food for flocks and family, the very paths and roads by which he had procured a part of these, and the very soil where the rest had grown, are in a night swept away. The value in money of what he has lost may not be more than one or two hundred dollars, but deprived of it he is left a hopeless beggar. Unless he forsakes his family and goes to the cities, to which he is a stranger, there is left to him not even the opportunity of utilizing his labor. He can earn nothing. The very roads by which he would go forth, even the steep paths by which he was wont to procure fuel, are destroyed. Moreover, winter is setting in—a season always hard for him to endure. Nor has he any hopes of next year's summer; his all is gone, and the possibility and hope of regaining it is also gone. The means taken by the citizens and authorities of Switzerland for giving succor to those made destitute by inundations or avalanches are very creditable to the Swiss character. The communities and cantons upon which such a calamity has been visited appropriate liberally from the public funds, and in response to their appeals subscriptions and appropriations from public moneys are made by the other cantons. Late statistics show that during the last 100 years the storms and inundations have been constantly increasing in frequency and violence. The fact is ascribed to several causes, the principal one, however, being the constant disforesting of the mountains, which has been carried on for many years. For centuries each generation had multiplied on a quiet sort of a way that was going around mit de laides to poll the top of the mountain. The method of digging or carving out these caves was disclosed by the form and direction of the grooves, which were usually parallel to each other and several inches apart, while between, as shown by the rough surface of the stone, the remaining substance had been broken off. There were fireplaces at the rear, but no place of exit for the smoke except the single aperture in front. Many of the dwellings had side or rear excavations of small size, within some of which corncocks and beans were found, evidently left by chance inhabitants of a later period. Near the roof of many of the caves there were mortices, projecting from which in some instances there were discovered the decayed ends of wooden sleepers. These were of a kind of wood not recognizable as a present growth of the locality, and unknown to the explorers. Specimens were brought away to be examined and classified by naturalists. In the sides of some dwellings there were found small recesses, evidently used as cupboards for the household utensils of the family. The substance of the cliff was tufa, a volcanic ash quite soft and easily worked by the rude implements of the old builders.

Upon the top of the Mesa or tableland above these caves there were found large circular structures, now in ruins, but with walls to the height of ten or twelve feet still standing. They were evidently places of worship. They were built of square stones of nearly uniform size, about twenty inches in length by six inches in width and four in thickness, cut from the cliff. Measurements were made of two of these structures, one of which was 100 and the other 200 feet in diameter, and might have held from 1,000 to 2,000 people. The inference that these were places of worship is drawn from the fact that the Pueblos of the present day, who are fire and sun worshippers, have similar temples. No remains of altars were found, which fact is doubtless to be explained by the exposed situation and the soft materials probably used in the construction of such furniture. The southern end of this cave city, which seemed to have been the most densely populated, presented many evidences of art and industry. This locality is more broken, and offers a better chance for successful resistance to the assaults of an enemy. There were found many animal forms carved out of stone. In one place there were two life-sized mountain lions, animals which are still peculiar to that region. There are also to be seen many smaller forms, so much worn away that it cannot be determined what they were designed to represent. Upon standing walls in this neighborhood are many hieroglyphics, which from their resemblance to the picture writing of the living Pueblos, may, Mr. Stephenson thinks, be partially, if not entirely, deciphered. The great age of this city is proved by the vast accumulation of debris from the upper portion of the cliff, which covers its base. In places where mountain brooks have cut their

way through, the existence of one and sometimes two rows of cave dwellings below the surface of the debris is disclosed. Mr. Stephenson thinks that several centuries have passed since this dead city was in its prime.

The Swiss Mountaineer.

One who has never seen it can never possibly imagine what the life of the Swiss mountaineer actually is. He lives in narrow gorges between mountains covered with eternal snows. His winters are eight months, his summers four months long; he has no

spring and no autumn. He lives in a small rude structure, half house, half stable, close to the torrent that rushes down his valley. He or his ancestors have terraced a few dilapidated patches and on their backs brought soil to them which year by year fertilizes them with manure scraped from the roads, and which produce for him at the best only a few potatoes. He owns a few goats, a few sheep, and two or three cows; for the winter food of these he employs half his summer in bringing on his back from little and almost inaccessible grass plots above him a supply of hay; so short and fine does it grow in those latitudes and so close to the rocks that one might call it moss. The other half of his summer is consumed in gathering fuel for the winter. His wife and children meanwhile cultivate the potatoes and other scanty vegetables, and tend the flocks. He barely exists, does not live. His battle for existence is with the elements, with the most inhospitable condition of nature, and it is a constant battle, and a battle which, when won, yields him but a bare existence, compelled by vigilance and ceaseless labor from cold and ice, rocks and barrenness, and all this under the ever-impending peril of avalanches, land slides and floods. And now a flood comes, and his flocks, his fuel, his food for flocks and family, the very paths and roads by which he had procured a part of these, and the very soil where the rest had grown, are in a night swept away. The value in money of what he has lost may not be more than one or two hundred dollars, but deprived of it he is left a hopeless beggar. Unless he forsakes his family and goes to the cities, to which he is a stranger, there is left to him not even the opportunity of utilizing his labor. He can earn nothing. The very roads by which he would go forth, even the steep paths by which he was wont to procure fuel, are destroyed. Moreover, winter is setting in—a season always hard for him to endure. Nor has he any hopes of next year's summer; his all is gone, and the possibility and hope of regaining it is also gone. The means taken by the citizens and authorities of Switzerland for giving succor to those made destitute by inundations or avalanches are very creditable to the Swiss character. The communities and cantons upon which such a calamity has been visited appropriate liberally from the public funds, and in response to their appeals subscriptions and appropriations from public moneys are made by the other cantons. Late statistics show that during the last 100 years the storms and inundations have been constantly increasing in frequency and violence. The fact is ascribed to several causes, the principal one, however, being the constant disforesting of the mountains, which has been carried on for many years. For centuries each generation had multiplied on a quiet sort of a way that was going around mit de laides to poll the top of the mountain. The method of digging or carving out these caves was disclosed by the form and direction of the grooves, which were usually parallel to each other and several inches apart, while between, as shown by the rough surface of the stone, the remaining substance had been broken off. There were fireplaces at the rear, but no place of exit for the smoke except the single aperture in front. Many of the dwellings had side or rear excavations of small size, within some of which corncocks and beans were found, evidently left by chance inhabitants of a later period. Near the roof of many of the caves there were mortices, projecting from which in some instances there were discovered the decayed ends of wooden sleepers. These were of a kind of wood not recognizable as a present growth of the locality, and unknown to the explorers. Specimens were brought away to be examined and classified by naturalists. In the sides of some dwellings there were found small recesses, evidently used as cupboards for the household utensils of the family. The substance of the cliff was tufa, a volcanic ash quite soft and easily worked by the rude implements of the old builders.

"Archibald, my boy," said old Mr. Difendorfer, the rich commission merchant, the other day, as he called his son into his private office, "my dear boy, I have just executed the deed by which I retire from business to-day, and leave you sole active partner in the wealthiest house on the coast. Naturally you expect me to give you some timely counsel for your future business guidance."

"Keerect!" replied young D., who was a member of the Bohemian Club, and knew it all.

"You probably suppose that I wish to enjoin upon you frugality, temperance, integrity and punctuality as the sure means of success. Not at all. Those virtues are all very well for the copy-book, but the only real requisite to success in life—especially in this State—is a really good reciprocating dummy enemy."

"A what?" queried the scion of the house of D., as he put his feet on the desk and lit another cigarette.

"Why, a first class, bitter, unrelenting dummy enemy. Something like my dear old friend Guffey, for instance."

"Why, I thought you were down on that man the worst way?"

"That's just the point—that's just the joke of it," said old D., with a chuckle. "Fourteen years ago I met Guffey on the steamer coming round here from New York. We had both failed in trade, I in Boston, he in Philadelphia; both of us fairly driven out of business by the usual slanders, jealousies, and underhand defamations, peculiar to—well, to everywhere."

"Why didn't you go into partnership?" asked the junior.

"I'll tell you. After talking the matter over, Guffey and I agreed that the only way for a man with small capital to get along was to have some trusted friend on the outside who would keep him posted on the doings of his enemies. Some one whom they would talk, to don't you understand?"

"I catch on," remarked the youth.

"So we concluded to act as each other's dummy enemy. And from the day that we stepped off the steamer down at the wharf, Guffey and I have never spoken to each other except on the 1st and 15th of each month when I visit him in disguise to compare notes."

"Well, by Jove!"

"It's a fact, though. Every time my enemies—and every body has them; they sort grow somehow—put up a job on me, or lie about me, or try to injure me in any way, they go to Guffey and attempt to rope him into the plot. He sympathizes with them; says I'm the most infernal old wretch unlung, and then sits down and writes me the particulars. Good scheme that, eh?" and the old merchant laughed until he was black in the face.

"Well, I should smile," grinned the other.

"Of course, I do the same for Guffey. Why, I can't tell how many thousand times I've scolded at him on the street and remarked to whoever I walking with: 'There's that miserable scoundrel, Guffey. Look at the ares he puts on because he is rich. I'd like to break his *assally* head with a club.'

"Was Guffey rich then?"

"Why, no; of course not, at first. It was a part of our scheme, don't you see, to brace up each other's credit under the cover of abuse. For instance, I'd apply for a big discount at some bank, and the cashier would slip around to Guffey for information, knowing he'd give away all my weak points. Guffey would scowl, and say, 'Well, I suppose the old villain is solid enough, but d—a man who'd turn his mother-in-law out of doors on a cold winter night! The old beast! I wonder they haven't tarred and feathered Difendorfer years ago. They say his grandmother is in the poor-house. With all his money, too; just think!'

"And does that help you?"

"Why, certainly. A bank cashier doesn't care for grandmothers. What he is after is stingy old capitalists, and other Mudholes. Why, Guffey once borrowed \$50,000 because I privately told McLane that G. had swindled the government on a half-million contract. Mac had him up to dinner the very next day. Think over what I have said, my dear boy, and go thou and make ready."

And, promising to look carefully around up at the club, which was crammed full of dummies of all kinds, young Difendorfer dived into his ulster and hastened to get up to Kearny street before the matinee let out.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Herman's New Year.

Among the many persons who made calls on New Year's day was Herman Rosefield, Hoffenstein's clerk, and, like many, he imbibed so much egg-nog and other strong beverages that he sought his domicile about nightfall in an exceedingly muddled condition, having a very imperfect recollection of what transpired during the day. He went to bed and dreamed that he was a bow-legged champagne bottle on a howling drunk, and the next morning he went down to the store and was greeted by Hoffenstein with an angry look.

"Herman," said Hoffenstein, after a painful silence, and in a voice trembling with anger, "you wanted to get away from me this morning, and I am afraid you will be in trouble again. You are a bad boy, and I don't want you to do it again."

"I'm sorry, Herman," said old Mr. Difendorfer, "but I don't know what to do with him. He is a bad boy, and I don't want him to do it again."

"Don't make any excuses mit me, Herman, Mrs. Geiselman tells my wife," said she comes to her house and says 'set 'em up, old sunflower, you sweet old cherub,' and den you tells her to come down to the store and see new English rose, more as a yard long, vot vos made so den ven she wears holes in de heels of dem she can cut de feet part off, sew de two legs together and make a pair of bants for her little boy. Vot sort of piness dat is, I would like to know?"

"Misder Hoffenstein, I——"

"Don't say a word, Herman; don't say a word. Von you went to Mrs. Goslinsky's your coat was split up de back, and den ven you left de house you was crawling de whole gallery ober looking for de door bell, and den you left de house you was to a cigar-stump in de card-basket und tries get on an umbrella, dinkin' it vot an overcoat. Dot was the way you disgraced de store, und if you don't let vicky alone you will be like old Jack Simpson in New York city."

"I didn't do noding, Misder Hoffenstein," stammered Herman, "and I tells Mrs. Geiselman of de new stock vat we had, und——"

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